

PLOI

### **TRIALOGUE: ELECTION AND PERFECTION**

Our protagonist contemplates an Ideal Existence; a position of clarity and calm simplicity. Void of conflict and aggression. In quick pursuit comes the thought: Would this ideal necessitate the absence of all engagement? Then, assuming the absence of an object of desire to be the essential conflict, considers: Would there be no place for desire in this ideal? Would not the absence of desire itself negate the Ideal Existence? Does the contemplation of this very ideal itself reflect some basic desire? Here arises the notion of the Eternal Enigma, the Basic Conflict.

Utopia – a concept of perfection whose very thought negates its own possibility.

The protagonist would like to have a good story that is also a happy story. A good story should by general definition have a conflict and ideally a resolution of that conflict. So if happiness means the absence of conflict can a happy story have a plot? Could/Should a story be plotless? Is a plot a point? Does a point have to hurt? Should it ever be annoying?

The protagonist begins to write:

Happiness: The desire for a conflict free, stress free, yet stimulating existence. Does not stimulation itself require conflict assuming an equation where conflict is on par with tension or opposition?

The writer stops realizing this has all been done before.

And some impossible urge, to what end or beginning unknown drives the protagonist to chart some state of notion where action, movement, thought and desire are ends and means in perpetual spark of being and nothingness that produce the unknowable plot.

# PLOT

*To plan out as in a map or set of coordinates, careful foresight to planning a complex scheme, inventing a literary device, a small piece of land as in a cemetery or a small area of planted ground.*

Its focus is solutions, diatribes, politics, the environment from your window garden to ozone emissions in an artful approach queer & otherwise. Experimental stories, excerpts, drawings, stencils, schemes, chainletters, seeds, kisses, information & resources.

## **Think Serious Think Absurd Think Revelootionary**

PLOT is formulated as an extension of the public activities of **Le Petit Versailles**, a GreenThumb garden created in 1996 by community neighbors. It is a project of Allied Productions, Inc. a non profit arts organization established in 1981. LPV is a public space located at 346 East Houston St. between Avenue B & C in the East Village and serves both the general community and visitors from around the world. As well as providing a green oasis for meditation and relaxation it is dedicated to fostering an interest in the arts, broadening and enriching the general public through performances, screenings, workshops.

**If you are interested in submitting proposals for presenting films, music, dance, exhibitions, workshops or any other ideas, the deadline is January 30, 2005.**

**The season runs from May to November. Keep updated by visiting our website <http://www.alliedproductions.org>. Contact us either by email [petitversailles@earthlink.net](mailto:petitversailles@earthlink.net) or post to PO Box 20260 New York New York 10009.**

***Petit Versailles programs are made possible by Allied Productions, Inc., Gardeners & Friends of LPV, Citizens for NYC, The Trust for Public Land, GreenThumb/NYC Dept. of Parks, Materials for the Arts; NYC Dept. of Cultural Affairs, NYC Dept. of Sanitation & NYC Board of Education and WNYC-FM. LPV Programs are made possible with public funds from the New York State Council on the Arts, a State agency.***

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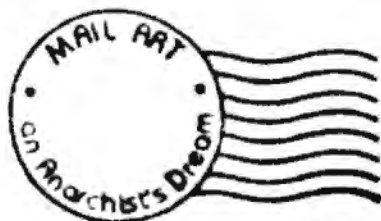
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for your time -  
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 Casilla C. Central 1211  
 MONTEVIDEO - URUGUAY

*I have mailed by Transnet to Mexico!*

**LATIN  
 AMERICAN**



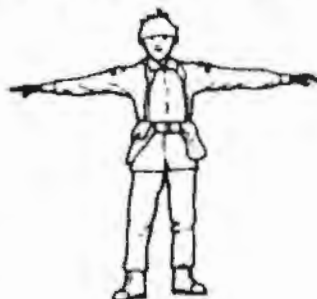
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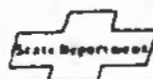
LPV @  
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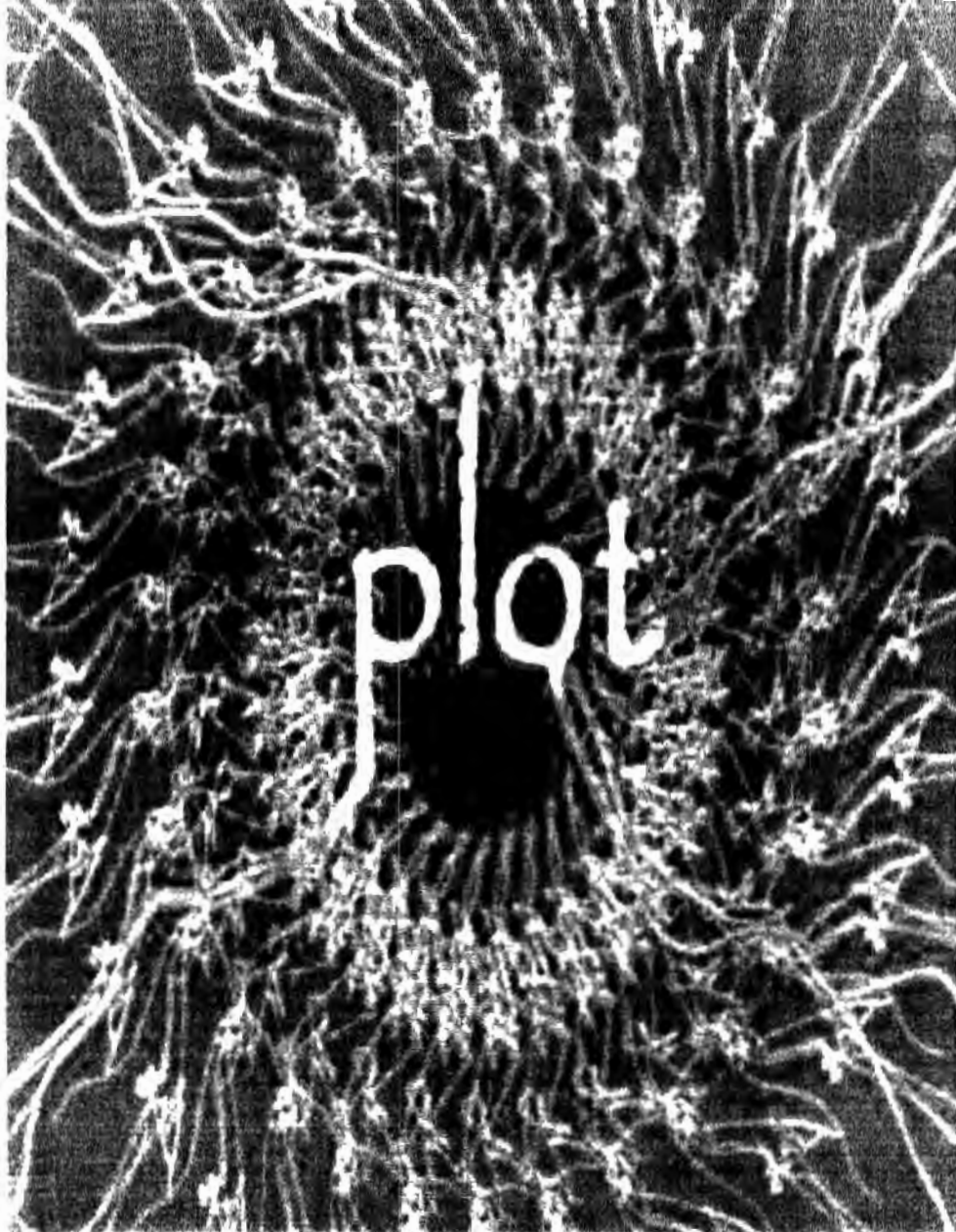


WE



Padin

*torture*



**Franco Piri Focardi**

# NO ESCAPE



This picture is a very interesting one. It is so much the picture of a man trying to run away from the hand of God. It reminds one of several things that man cannot escape, things that we are all familiar with and face them daily.



# STOP THE WAR!

# NO POLICE STATE!

## ANOTHER WORLD IS POSSIBLE

# REFUSE & RESIST!

[www.refuseandresist.org](http://www.refuseandresist.org)



*"Pansy boys, come out to play,  
You've been cropped the Delian way:  
Young or old, there's room for you  
And room for roaming fingers too!  
Hips and bottoms, waggle away,  
Pansy boys, come out to play."  
- The Satyricon, Petronius.*

A project: Queer Bookmarks

Point your browser at:  
<http://del.icio.us/queeruption>  
for loads of fine internet reading.

If you have an rss reader:  
<http://del.icio.us/rss/queeruption>

I'm going through my vast and disorganized files of queer links -  
expect frequent updates. Know an interesting queer site / article?  
Tell me.

John [jayexxess@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:jayexxess@yahoo.co.uk)

[www.queeruption.net](http://www.queeruption.net)  
[www.queerfist.org](http://www.queerfist.org)





Tiger: I have been studying human languages for a while, but I cannot seem to figure out the meaning of the word 'circle'. You should use this word more often!

Human: ... (silence)

Fish: It's what we fish do when we'er in a bowl. Also when we're in a rectangular aquarium, but in a bowl it's perfect. It's the nearest thing to perfectivity we can reach once we are... It's hard to reach for anything when you are in any kind of aquarium, man. It holds the water, that is the only positive thing I can say about it. For me, everyting outside the bowl was the circle. But that's history. That's history. That's ... What was I saying - oh yes, that's history!

Bird: The word 'circle' to me means moving south in summer and back north in winter. I mean the other way round. Anyway, when you stand still for one year or for one day even, you will see a circle. Many circles you'll notice.

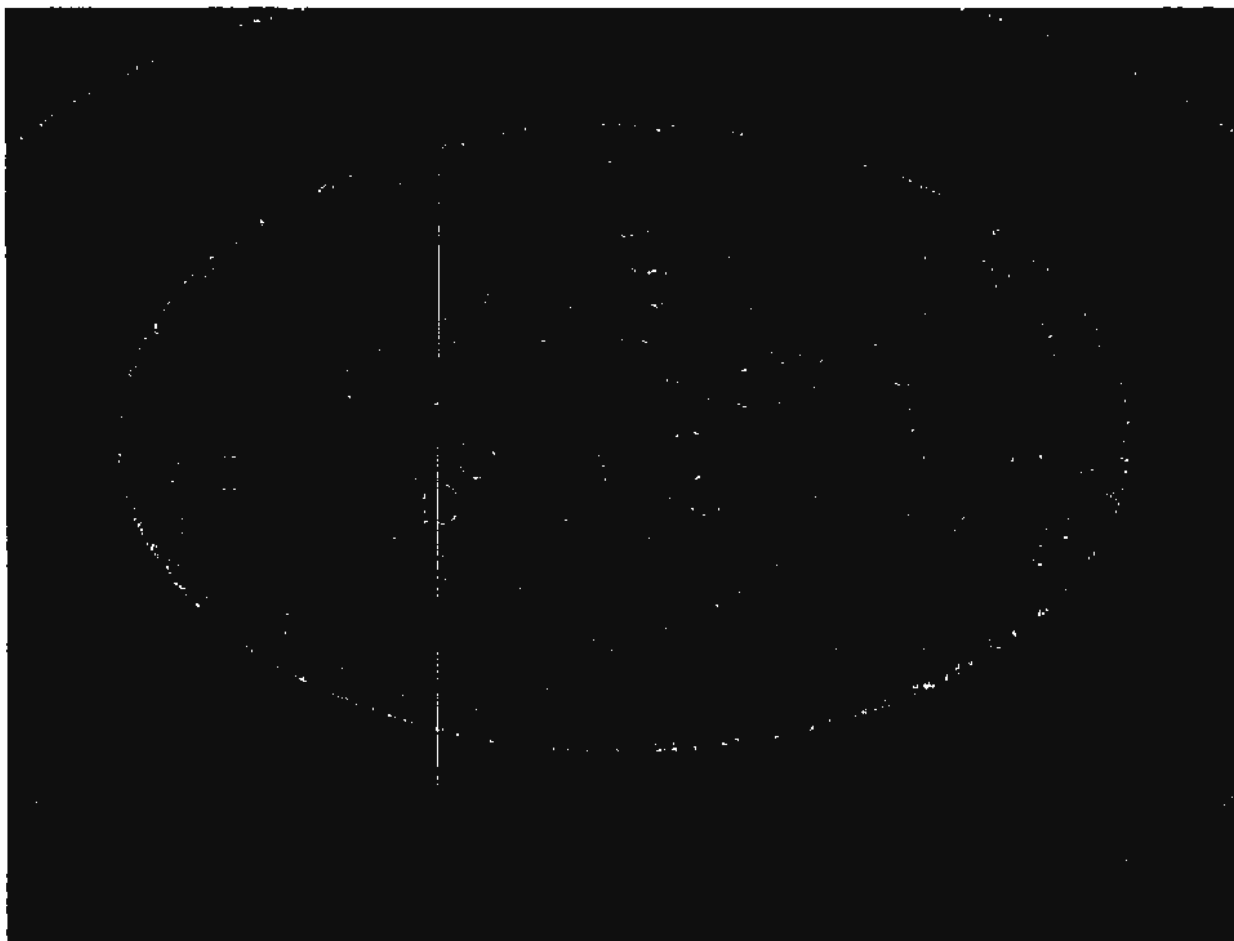
Human: If there wouldn't have been a circle between the time we humans were monkey-like, then the year... let us say the year 2004, and then the present, you guys would've been ON this table and not sitting AT it. And I would've been... let's not talk about that.

Tiger: So 'circle' does not mean I have to swim, does it?

Bird: No, it's just a way of saying you are happy or hoping that things are on the move. Moving.

Tiger: Let's play the game 'catch one another's shadow', okay?

Fish: Great! The head counts for three points, allright? But gimme a cup of water first. Then I'll be making, shaking your shadow shircling, shyger! We've talked enough about shignifishances. Swirl it sisters! I'll be at your tails!



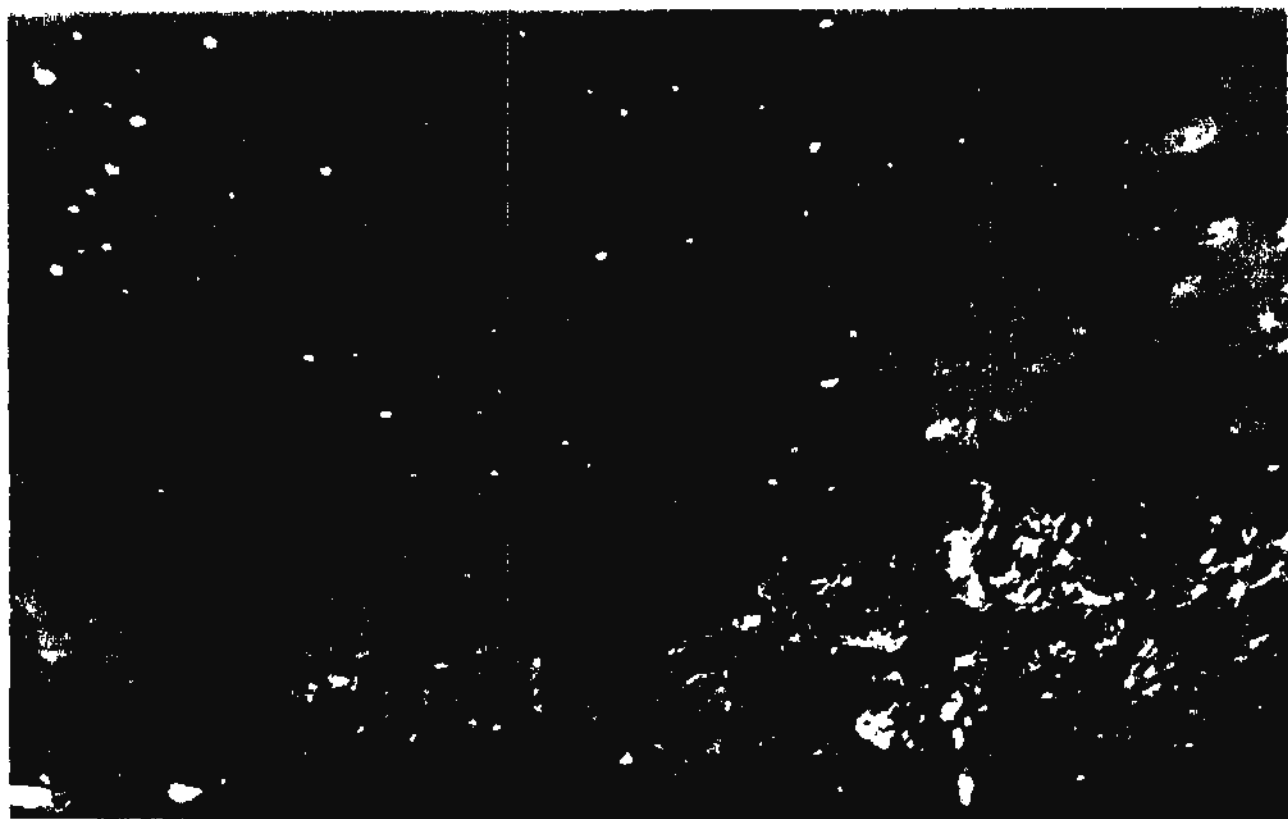
David King

## Manifesto for the Abolition of Bureaucracy

By Valery Oisteanu

To be and not to be in failed American democracy  
Watch the surf going up  
While the Navy bombs beaches of Puerto Rico  
Can we survive the environmental conspicuous consumption?  
Living next to the nuke dump, next to the oil drilling  
Can you keep any individuality in the age of cloning?  
Can you be yourself in a genetically brain manipulation society  
Let's abolish medieval bureaucracy  
Abandon the shabby machines of voting  
The rigged system behind closed doors  
De-vote Electoral College  
Delete the elite  
Dissolve two party systems  
To be or not to be an American is the question  
Dissent by any means necessary  
Against cultural colonialism  
Art as an instrument of exploitation should be abolished  
all artists should go on strike  
Against the prostitution of the art institutions  
Against art as money laundering machine  
Against the academies, the prizes, the competitions  
And the army of dealers, auctioneers and agents  
Power to the creative!  
Power to the poets who are resisting greed, hate and intolerance  
Ride the volcano of revolution into the sea  
Blessed are the shamans, the stray holy-men of jazz  
The underground gurus who are proving  
That the collective subconscious is not a given  
It has to be created  
So power to the creators!





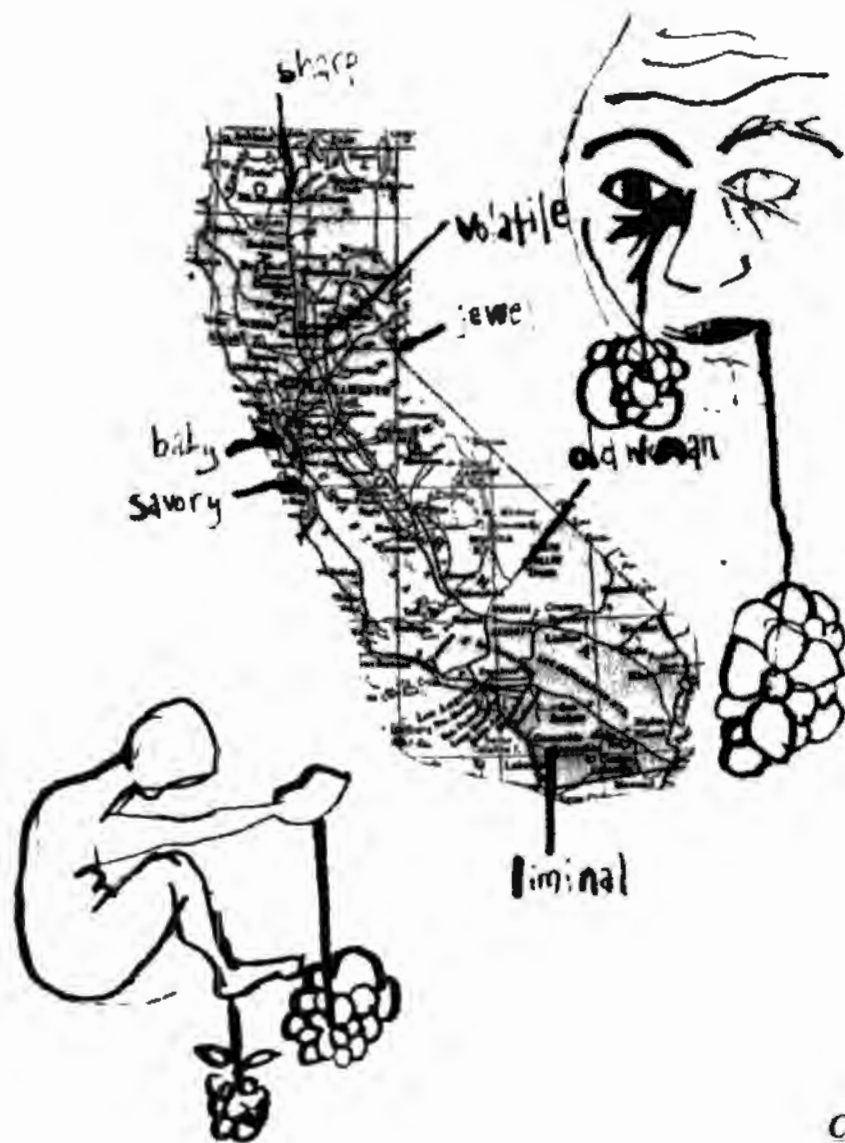
PARTECIPATION : Gruppo Sinestetico (Albertin , Perseghin , Sassu , Sshimizu) Italy  
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**Jill London**





Chelsea Wills





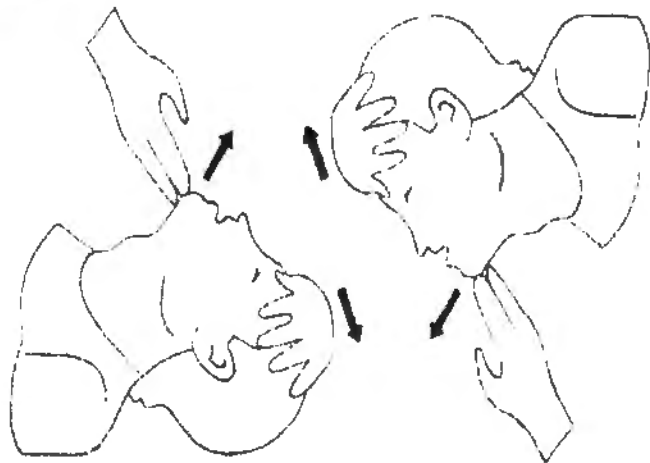
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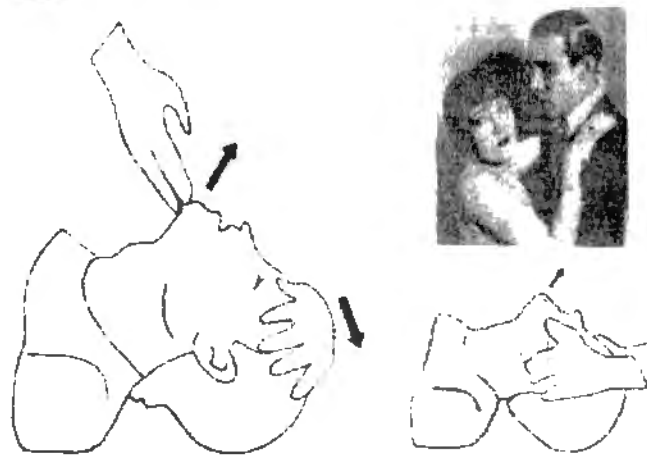
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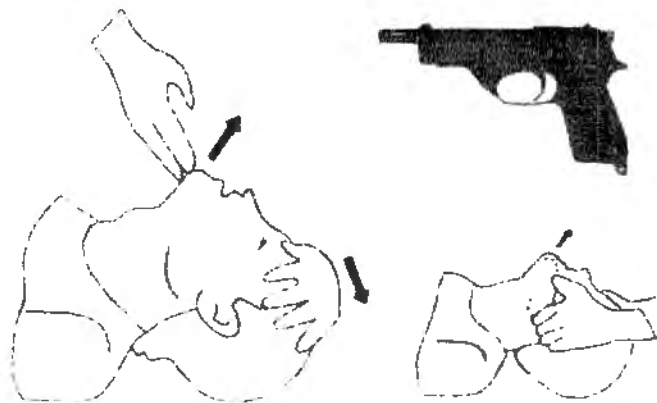
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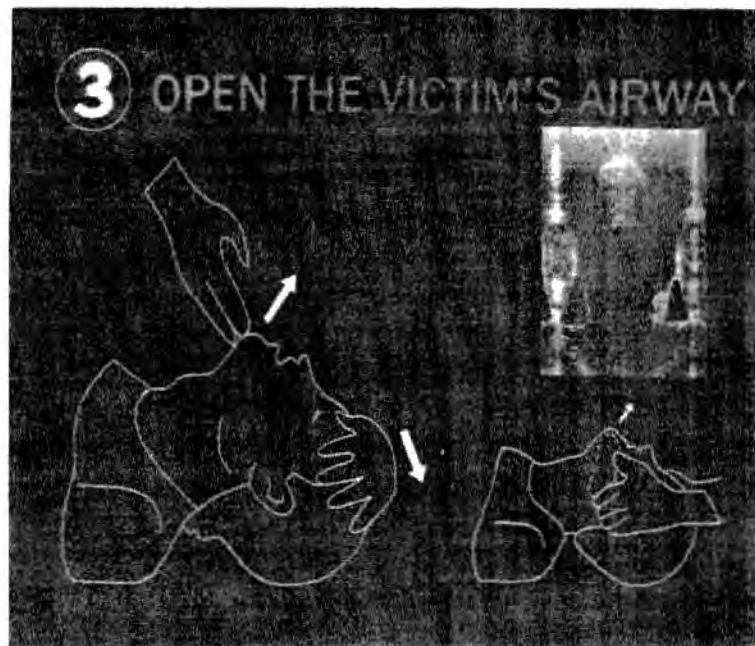
**3** OPEN THE VICTIM'S AIRWAY



**3** OPEN THE VICTIM'S AIRWAY



**3** OPEN THE VICTIM'S AIRWAY





A/P PETER CRAMER

## Night of the Locusts

November 2, 7 o'clock: I was happily drinking peppermint tea, curled up with my plump cat and even more obese favorite novel, from time to time displacing both with the reassuring visage and drawl of Tom Brokaw. Watching NBC news made me feel surprisingly warmed by the democratic fantasia offered me, and given that I only see television on holiday visits (and further bolstered by the proximate chill in the air), there was that strange mixture of sentimental nostalgia and cloying, fading awe I've experienced every Christmas since rejecting its namesake (while still hoarding its residue of Mystery, grafted on to furtively secular sacraments like rum balls or terra cotta Dickens figurines, which in any other context would be unbearable). This feeling was ushered on further by the Peacock network's appropriately preening toteboard, which if you didn't see it, was a huge map of the U.S. imposed on the ice rink at Rockefeller Plaza, filled in by two leotarded non-partisan elves as a divided nation trickled in its will.

By 8 or 9, one or two of those menacing red states had blemished the electoral ice capade landscape, but as talking heads from both parties clucked on about patience with the system, and with each other, I was still at ease. I am perhaps an ideal television viewer in many ways, instantly empathetic and prone to the easy laughter and tears which can momentarily dispel memories of Tom Delays and Ann Coulters with an almost beatific (yet not to betray his party's image, porcine) Republican pundit-for-hire. But more importantly, I just was not prepared to believe that Bush could win. Not that I had any faith in Kerry, and in fact I was one of the few that saw the debates as his death-knell, as if he needed one. Nor did I have any conviction that this country's great unwashed could peer out of this feedback loop of its own mythology ("resolve," etc.) enough to recognize the most embarrassing track record in American history, to see the makings of a Southern-fried Nero tuning his fiddle.

But there's a difference between knowing something and accepting it. That only came later, when I made my last check-in before bedtime. The two isolated blisters had become an elephantine, angry Red Sea, parted not by Moses but New Hampshire, looking more insignificant than ever. (I wondered then if they'd even bothered pre-cutting a blue Texas.) It was over in that sudden glance, conversely now in my heart if not in the still optimistic realm of statistics. And so I went to sleep.



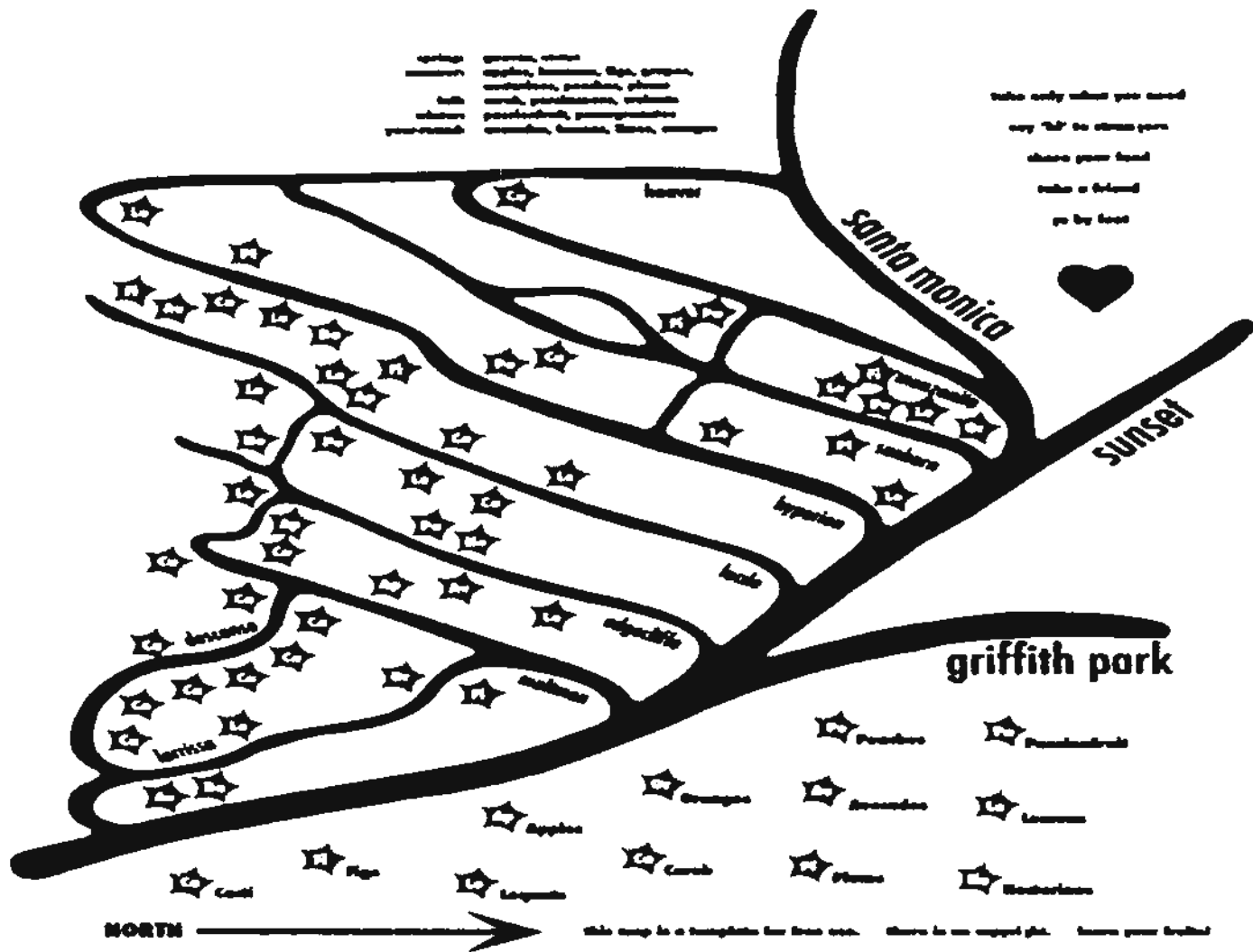
Strangely, the night before, I had had a dream of total apocalypse, vaguely in the form of a zombie genre film. I was in some kind of Frank Lloyd Wright terrace house on the coast of some resort peninsula. The end of days was manifest not only in the form of the gangrenous carnivores clomping around us, but in a palpable sense that we in the dream tried to ignore for as long as possible. Some of these other people, as I remembered it the next day, had some kind of haughty disdain for me, for being outside of some kind of eschatonic elect. (I don't recall whether they thought they'd be spared or whether it was just another oneiric ambiguity, of which there were many here.) Any overtly Christian terror intimated there was then affirmed in a rapidly darkening sky, as amorphous swarms amassed, grounding the few jets still circling in airborne denial. And it was the locusts that really terrified me, not the undead. That inevitability, fixed abstractly in the distance, suddenly understood as an enveloping, acephalous obliteration -- a total negation of the body and soul performed immediately, in a million mindless bites. (It was understood the locusts would devour us, and it was equally understood that this death would be even worse than at the hands and mouths of our more immediate, ultimately more personable assailants. )

I covered my self with a bedsheet-cum-tarpaulin, knowing that it was ill-suited proof, perhaps hoping to cocoon my final conscious moments in a reassuringly finite space, having been betrayed so brutally by the openness the sky always threatens us with -- or perhaps I just didn't want to see it coming. And in fact it never came. Someone called out that the army had dispersed, and a hysterically decisive swoop of my sheet confirmed that this was so. But again in that complicit understanding of dreams, it was clear that they would be back. Or perhaps more appropriately, "we would be hearing from them."

Some corroboration of my alarm clock and my cat Leandra's claws ensured that this attack would be prevented. Or at least pre-empted under its current regime. For as I woke Wednesday morning, the dread continued as if only interrupted by some intra-cognitive commercial break, to descend on the appropriately isomorphic red swarm of states that had been the preamble, if not body, of the night's dreams. As of this writing, this dread remains, and as my standing reserves of Freudian weapons are so far ineffective at any exegesis beyond the obvious, I'm hoping that my unconscious is simply overreacting, and that I'm not suddenly clairvoyant. But after all, the Mayan calendar does clock in our end at 2012, which strangely enough, is an election year...

"shaun frente" <divadeluxe0@lycos.com>

"What's any artist but the dregs of his work, the human shambles that follows it around?"



# FALLEN FRUIT OF SILVER LAKE

## David Burns, Austin Young, Matias Vlegener

### **FALLEN FRUIT TEXT:**

#### **Fallen Fruit: A Mapping of Food Resources in Los Angeles.**

Free food is available at every time of the year on the streets of Los Angeles. According to the law, if a fruit tree grows on or over public property, the fruit is no longer the sole property of the owner. Fruit trees in particular are highly decorative, and often demand no greater care than any other landscape ornamental. Los Angeles is particularly rich in this respect: bananas, peaches, avocados, lemons, oranges, limes, kumquats, loquats, apples, plums, passion fruit, walnuts, pomegranates and guavas, just to name a few, grow in every neighborhood in the city. These fruits ripen at different seasons, so free food is available year round.

We began this project by mapping our neighborhood, Silver Lake, going street by street to identify untapped public resources and cataloging their location. We set out to only mark sites that involved no trespassing. Right away we began to speculate on the ethics involved, both on the part of residential growers and local harvesters.

Some communities have plantings of decorative fruit trees, such as sour oranges, which look charming but have little use. Public plantings almost never incorporate edible fruit trees, with one exception being the guava trees which shade parts of the Rose Bowl parking lot. Echo Park is known for the quantities of walnut trees at its northern end and many parks and wild spaces have prickly pear cactus plantings, which yield both young cactus pads for nopales and prickly pear fruit. Accidental fruit trees arise from stray seedlings, an echo of Johnny Appleseed's mission to populate the American frontier with apples, native to Eurasia. One of the most common street trees in California is the carob tree, source of a nutritious flour that can be used as a cocoa substitute, or the pods can be chewed whole.

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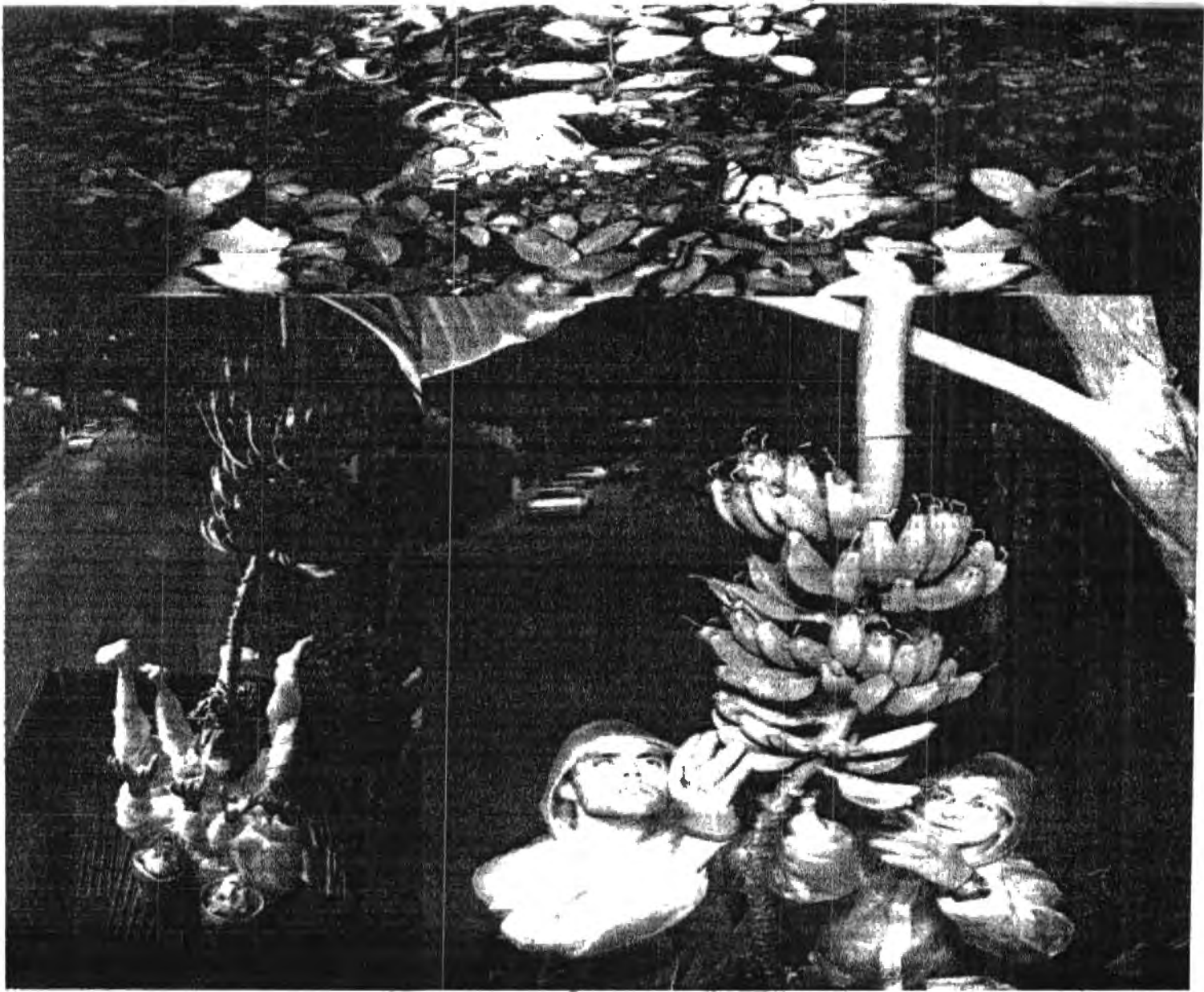
Often a resident is reluctant to plant fruit trees because of the litter, fallen fruit that has to be disposed of; likewise, locals are often reluctant to pick food within their grasp because they perceive it to be private property. The slow, "natural" processes of growth and fruition dramatize the shadowy nature of private property. Who does the sun belong to, and rainwater? Why is this lemon in our public space? Is this my banana?

It is no small irony that most Americans eat less than the minimum recommended amounts of fruit and vegetables, even though they are all but free for the taking. Supermarket produce is quite expensive if you count by caloric content, but the cost of processed food is ridiculous once you factor in the nutritional debit it incurs. Public fruit is more efficient to grow than farmed fruit because it eliminates the cost of transport. Since it is not a mono-crop, as in an orchard of a single variety of apple, there are far less pests and less chemicals required. A further irony is that most of the public fruit in Los Angeles is organic, blessed by neglect. Is it safe to eat? Absolutely. Should you worry about car exhaust fumes? No. Those molecules are too large to penetrate the fruit and any smut that lands on the fruit can be washed off.

We call upon the city and urban planning groups to begin plantings that yield edible goods to be shared by the city's citizens. How can these resources be developed to the benefit of all parties? What ethical or contractual obligations are incurred? It has been observed among many hunter-gatherer societies that when people "have more of something than they immediately need, [they] should carry out their moral obligation to share it out."

#### Map Legend:

Ap	apples	summer/fall	Le	lemons	year-round
Ar	apricot	summer	Li	limes	year-round
Av	avocados	year-round	Lo	loquats	spring/summer
Ba	banana	summer/fall	Ne	nectarines	summer
Ca	Carob	fall/winter	Or	oranges	year-round
Cu	cactus (pads & fruit)	spring/fall	Pa	passion fruit	summer/fall
Ch	cherimoyas	year-round	Pe	peaches	summer
Fi	figs	summer	Pr	persimmons	fall
Gu	guavas	winter/spring	Pl	plums	summer
Gr	grapes	summer/fall	Po	pomegranates	fall/winter
Ku	kumquats	winter	Wa	walnuts	fall



Giving and taking both invoke primal social and even spiritual bonds among groups and individuals; feeding and cleaning rituals create the first social bonds among infants and adults. The relation between host and guest, manifested in the gift, is at the core of all human cultures. Fruit is not just a gift from one human to another, but a gift to all humans from the soil. Agribusiness has brought us to the point that we've not only lost contact with the soil, but we've lost the farmers to corporate management as well as forfeiting our own potential to grow things.

All property owners with suitable sites should be obliged to plant edible trees, or else be taxed to provide food for the poor. Most European cities have communal gardens, which often provide up to half the food of poor families. We need city fruit parks, which open their fields to anyone who is hungry. To discourage profiteering, individuals could be limited to taking only as much fruit as they can carry in their hands. This way everyone could give according to their capacities and receive according to their needs.

The utopian advertising of early California always pictured orange trees with snow-capped mountains in the distance. The new California should have oranges planted between office buildings and bananas in parking lots. Silver Lake is full of the ghosts of old Hollywood: James Dean, Rock Hudson, Judy Garland, Norma Talmadge and Buster Keaton lived here. Their ashes and discards filter through the soil to this day. Dead illusions feed the carnival of fruit that lines our streets.

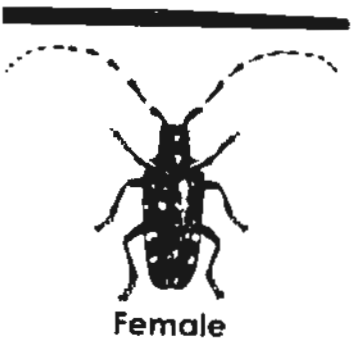
Over time, we hope to involve more people, especially local activists best equipped to map their own neighborhoods; the life of such a map is quite long, since fruit trees live for decades. While the Internet would seem to be the likeliest venue for such a project, a printed form is essential; the most disenfranchised Angelenos have no access to a computer. Maps must be given to them in person.

When you reap the harvest of your land, you shall not reap all the way to the edges of your field, or gather the gleanings of your harvest. You shall not pick your vineyard bare, or gather the fallen fruit of your vineyard; you shall leave them for the poor and the stranger.                   Leviticus 19:9-10



Anthony Bennett

# Longhorned Beetle Alert!



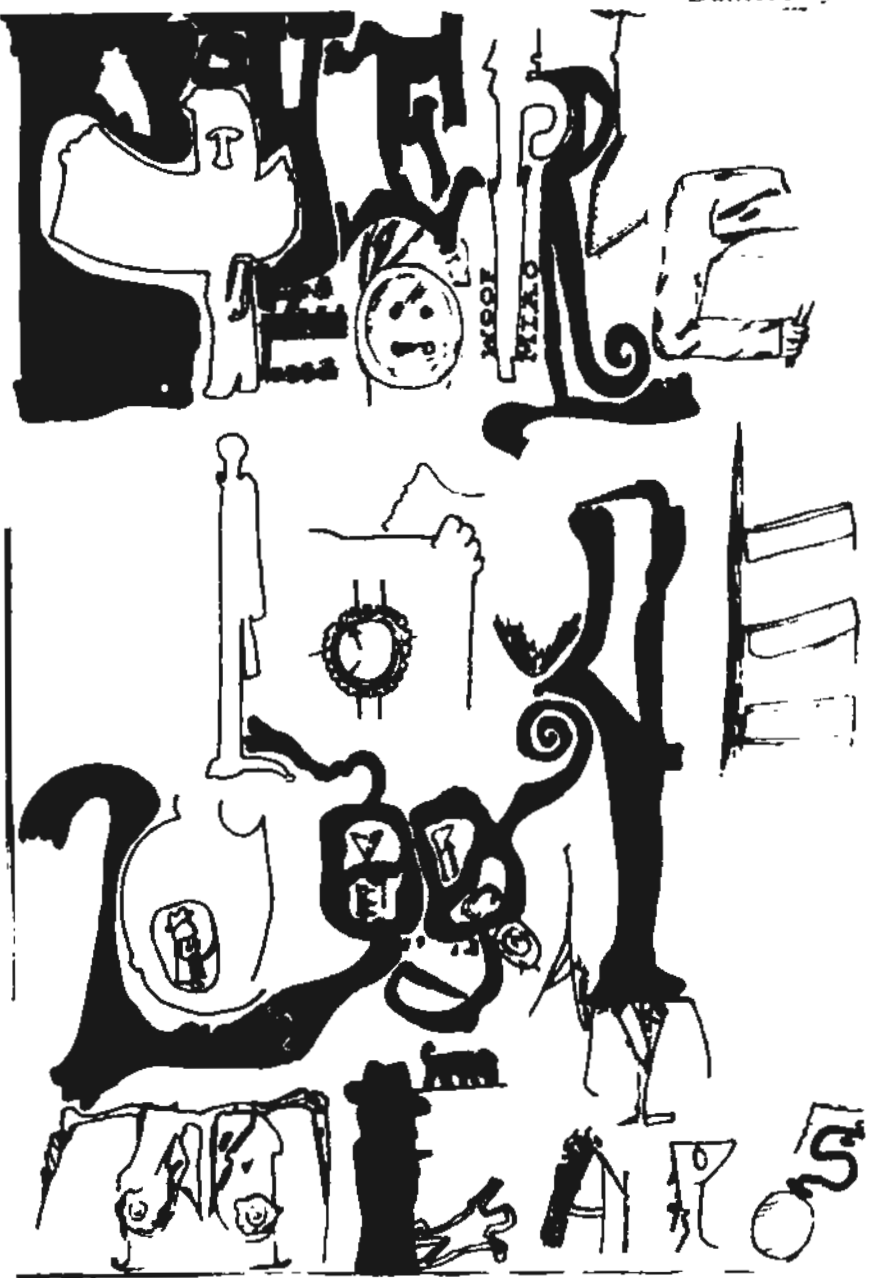
Female



Male

My Body The Bomb  
 My Body Is A Bomb  
 Bomb My Body  
 A Bomb In My Body  
 The Bomb Is In My Body  
 There's A Bomb In Your Body  
 You're A Bomb In My Body  
 I'm A Bomb In Your Body  
 You're A Bomb  
 Your Body Is A Bomb  
 BombBody  
 BodyBomb

How to tell if your tree is infested:





## WEEK TWO

Editions, 2004

On waking it seems outrageous, unnecessary and worth contesting that nations and factions perpetrate violence on one another and on viewers like me. At breakfast I worry that these feelings are born of my passivity and my squeamish sensitivity to suffering, and thus don't serve realistic goals of humane human interaction. By midday I've recalled the situations in which I've fought with words and gestures to save emotional or material territory. Is war-killing but an amplification of that urge? Or does the difference in degree make a difference in kind? By afternoon I'm glad someone is paying attention and willing to induce militant consciousness sufficient to organize force and use it to protect the bubble within which I play out the life of privilege I enjoy. At dinner we discuss what's really going on, leaders using that very rhetoric as cover for a plan of domination through aggression, open-faced lying to electors by now considered an entitlement by the politically ambitious. At bedtime I see as inevitable the clash that comes from turning instinctive protectiveness into bellicose insistence on submission of the other. Lamenting my confusion and political impotence, I go to sleep mouthing fervent wishes that leaders daily roll around on the floor and practice deep breathing.

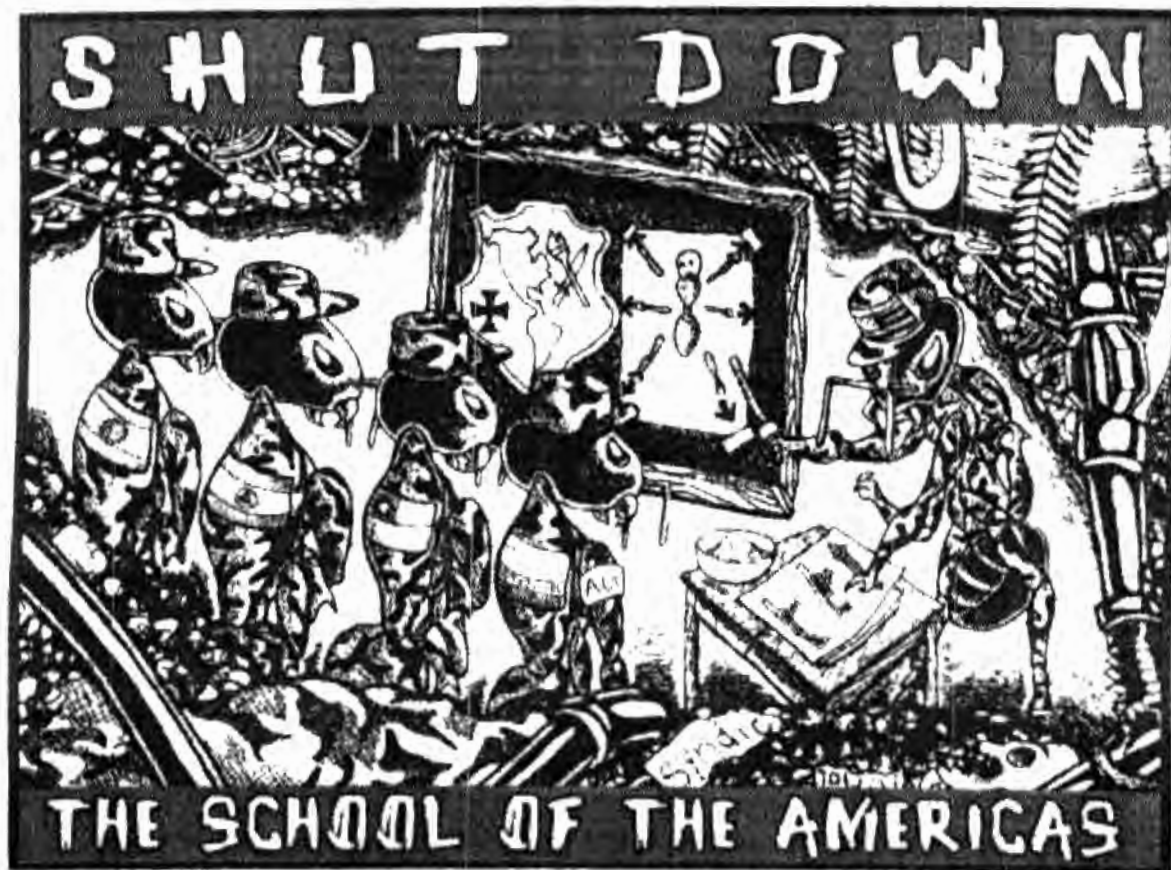


**Corpse Pose 10 Minutes.**  
Place blanket under neck and head. Extend trunk, arms and legs prior to relaxing them. Turn upper arms out, palms up. Quiet mind and breath.



**Shoulderstand 10 Minutes.**  
3 blankets under shoulders. Belt arms. Extend through legs. Rotate top thighs inward and soften groins. Ground elbows. Relax eyes, neck and throat.

When IMAGINATION outpaces ACTION, the UNSEASONED WILL tends (1) to push limits, or (2) to toss about titillating alternatives. The result in (1) is a gratifying increase in productivity, leading to exhaustion. The result in (2) is ecstatic, unproductive fantasy, leading to exhaustion. The SEASONED WILL, on the other hand, seeing folly in such debilitating practice, waxes realistic. It berates FRUSTRATION, (which has been gaining strength and autonomy gorging on the blood spilled as ENVISIONING and DOING hack away at each other), for knocking its head against the door, no longer as a call for help and a yearning for relief, but as a self-aggrandizing power move. "Stop pounding the portal and pick the lock," commands MATURE RESOLVE. PRETENTIOUS WRATH concedes, crosses the freed threshold, finds itself luxuriating in a hammock by a lake as preparation for concise, appropriately leveraged toil. Then to CONFUSION, which has been reveling in continuous digital picturing of best possible whatever, VETERAN RESOLUTION, having gained confidence from its success with DEFENSIVE SELF-BLINDING BAFFLEMENT, advises, "Pick one of those five or ten routes and go, the ride will not be what you imagine."



## THE TRUTH

There really was a weapon of mass destruction in Iraq  
-they call it oil.



## ONE DAY

the lights  
will go out  
and get smashed;  
the stop signs

will dress up  
in drag;  
people  
in supermarkets  
will start  
dancing.

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I'm a South Australian nurse & poet. I have one poetry book out, 'Fat Streets & Lots of Squares' (2003). I also publish zines of my & other people's work on a sporadic but frequent basis.

Amelia



## COSMOS

When I was small, my Mother said

"Make a wish upon a star".

But there were so many  
all so tiny, all so huge.  
I hedged my bets  
and wished on the moon.

## CITY SEASONS

Summer:  
skyscrapers stretch, suck sunlight  
exhale grey  
Autumn:  
gutters fill  
with leaflets, dead cigarettes  
Winter:  
human ants scurry  
building to building  
Spring:  
shop windows bloom.



Paul Summerfield



And the sky sang your blue eyes

I watch as a semblance in a dimly lit room  
Out across the balcony  
Across the rooftops blackened by carbon shadows of batwings  
My eyes crawling the brickwork  
Of distantly lit apartment block  
Burning bulbs biting the gloom of stairwell  
And shades drawn on every second window  
Distant opera music and a slight drizzle crawling across the sliding door carpet  
Watching the apartments one by one searching for aching flesh  
Wondering how many people in there are crumpled into corners like me

Adam Murray

**the  
anti-war  
choice  
in '04**

**FUCK  
FEAR**

People	Love	Overthrowing	Tyranny
Porcupines	Lay	On	Top
Penis	Labia	Ovary	Testicle
Planes	Levitate	Over	Tibet
Priests	Lament	Odorous	Titles
Products	Legalize	Omen	Termination
Porpoises	Lather	Ocean	Tails
Puddles	Lethal	Osse	Tar
Prisoners	Lose	Our	Time
Purple	Leaves	October	Trees
Pain	Laughs	Oryzomom	Treatment
People	Lie	Ominous	Tales
Politics	Loose	Operational	Tests
Pool	Lucid	Occult	Tepee
Pricks	Lighten	Open	Tension
Pleasure	Little	Olden	Tales
Prosperity	Lusts	Operatic	Teens
Push	Lags	Overcome	Time
Pill	Lessen	Orion	Tedium
Pilot	Line	On	Tissue
Pigeons	Lick	Operating	Techno
Pickle	Legs	Oil	Eckle
Pews	Lack	Oratorical	Theme
Poodles	Lap	Owners	Tongue
Pink	Licorice	Open	Terror
Pistol	Lips	Owl	Two

**PLOI**